The Burlington Free Press.

NOT THE GLORY OF CÆSAR; BUT THE WELFARE OF ROME.

BY H. B. STACY. FRIDAY, AUGUST 26, 1836. VOL. X--No. 479.

THE AMERICAN BOY.

"Father look up, and see that flag,
How gracefully it flies:
Those pretty stripes—they seem to be
A rainbow in the skies."

It is your country's flag, my son,
And proudly drinks the light,
O'er ocean's wave—in foreign climes,
A symbol of our might.

"Father—what fearful noise is that,
Like thundering of the clouds?
Why do the people wave their hats,
And rush along in crowds?"

It is the noise of cannonry,
The glad shouts of the free;
This is a day to memory dear—
'Tis Freedom's Jubilee.

"I wish that I was now a man,
I'd fire my cannon too,
And cheer as loudly as the rest—
But, father, why don't you?"

I'm getting old and weak—but still
My heart is big with joy;
I've witnessed many a day like this,
Shout you aloud, my boy.

"Hurrah! for Freedom's Jubilee!
God bless our native Land!
And may I live to hold the sword
Of Freedom in my hand!"

Well done my boy—grow up and love
The land that gave you birth!
A home where Freedom love's to dwell,
Is paradise on earth!

From the Silk Culturist.

BEET SUGAR.

Though most farmers are slow to believe they can make as much sugar, and of as good quality, from an acre of land in New England in beet, as a planter can from an acre in the West Indies in cane; yet such is the fact, as established by the most accurate experiments. In our last number we made copious extracts from the correspondence of Mr Pedder, the agent of the Sugar Beet Society of Philadelphia, showing its practicability in this country, and urging its introduction as a great national object. We have since seen several specimens of sugar, manufactured by him and sent home for exhibition, which will not suffer in comparison with the best West India or New Orleans sugar in market.

From the letters of Mr Pedder, it may be inferred, that the process of extracting sugar from the root is an expensive operation, requiring the aid of complex and costly machinery, and an investment of capital beyond the means of ordinary farmers; but such is neither the fact, nor the idea he means to communicate. It is true in the large sugar establishments in France, expensive machinery and fixtures are employed, which doubtless facilitate their operations, and yield a liberal return for the money invested in their construction; but they are not indispensable to the successful pursuit of the business, or even adapted to the circumstances and wants of a farmer who merely manufactures his own sugar. Farm establishments are already in profitable operation in France, and the Royal and Central Society of Agriculture have offered premiums for models of the most simple and cheap machinery for the use of small farmers. A silver medal has been awarded to M. Jean Joseph Lecerf of Valenciennes, of the department of the North. This gentleman is the farmer referred to by Mr Pedder, as "a curious man residing in one of the back streets, who had made sugar with machinery of his own invention, and almost by the labor of his own hands."

The committee, in awarding the premium to M. Lecerf, thus speak of him and his factory:

"A farmer on a small scale, (Jean Joseph Lecerf,) of Onnaing, Arondissement of Valenciennes, department of the North, has anticipated this appeal. In the buildings of his farm he has established his factory, which is composed of but two departments; one of them seventeen feet square, the other seven feet square. (English.) His machinery for fabricating is placed in the first apartment, and consists—1st, of a rasp turned with a crank by hand—2nd, of a hand press, (both of wood)—3d, three small iron kettles, each one sufficient to contain twenty-five to thirty-five gallons—5th, three filterers, of the same capacity as the kettles.

"In the other apartment are two kettles of copper, of about the capacity of twenty gallons each—one used for evaporation, the other for crystallizing. In the same small appartment are ranged moulds for the reception of the sugar. The price of all these fixtures or apparatus is not above one hundred and seventy five dollars.

"The manufacture of brown sugar at this establishment is fifty kilograms, or one hundred and ten pounds of brown sugar per day.

"M. Lecerf, who possesses only the little property where his works are located, devotes himself to it with the aid of his family alone; and far from desiring to make a mystery of his instruments and the process, he is eager to communicate them to his countrymen. The sugar which comes from this factory has been, by one of the most celebrated refiners, M. Lebaudy, acknowledged to be of perfect quality."

From the foregoing it will be seen that every farmer may, with trifling expense, furnish himself with the necessary machinery for manufacturing his own sugar. But though it may be practicable, yet it may not be desirable, at present, for every farmer to attempt it. There is some little expense attending the construction of sugar works, even on a small scale, which every farmer may not wish to incur, and there is also a degree of skill which they may not be disposed to acquire until they have more confidence in the success and profit of a new project. The best method, therefore, to introduce this new branch of business, is for companies to erect sugar works in towns and villages, at convenient distances from each other, and purchase of the farmers their crop of beets as they are gathered in the field. Most farmers will cultivate the root, if they are assured of a market, when but few will attempt it, if they are compelled to extract the sugar themselves.

A portion of most farms is adapted to the cultivation of the sugar beet, though soils of the greatest depth is more peculiarly so. Sandy soils formed by alluvions and deposites of rivers are considered the most favorable, and we know of no lands in the eastern and middle states, better adapted to the culture of roots of all kinds than the alluvial meadows in the valley of the Connecticut. Many of the varieties of the beet have been cultivated in great perfection, particularly in the town of Wethersfield, where the only difficulty experienced has been their growing too large for culinary purposes.

With respect to the profit that may be made from an acre of good land devoted to the culture of the sugar beet, it may be stated without incuring the charge of exaggeration, or the hazzard of contradiction, that it will not fall short of $150. But we are not disposed to let our readers rest their faith on mere assertion; but prefer giving them the data on which our opinion is based. These we have from an intelligent and scientific gentleman, who has given the subject a thorough investigation, and who has also some practical knowledge in relation to it. He assumes as the basis of his statement, the fact that 1000 bushels can be raised on an acre, and in this he is corroborated by gentlemen who have cultivated the root. *Sixteen hundred* bushels have been raised on an acre; but it was an extraordinary crop. He next assumes that a bushel will weigh 60 pounds, and in this estimate he cannot be materially mistaken. Numerous experiments have proved that the root yields 7 per cent of sugar, 3 per cent of mollasses, and 25 per cent of cake. Calling the sugar worth 7 cents a pound, the molasses 3 cents, which is considerably below the market price, and the cake as much by the pound as the beet, which is the fact, the account of the product of an acre, 60,000, pounds will stand thus:

4200 lbs. Sugar at 7 cts.	$294.00
1800 lbs. Molasses, at 3 cts.	54.00
15,000 lbs. Cake, at 4 mills,	60.00
	$408.00
Expense of cultivating the root and extracting the sugar,	108.00
Nettprofit,	$300.00

In ascertaining the nett profit in the foregoing statement, it will be seen we have deducted $108, for the expense of cultivating the sugar. This is a very liberal allowance, and probably, something like double the amount of the actual cost. Of the expense of cultivating the root every farmer can make accurate calculations for himself, and with regard to the cost of manufacturing the sugar, it will depend materially upon the cost of fuel consumed in the process of evaporation and machinery and fixtures employed. In sections of the country where fuel is scarce and consequently high, it cannot exceed the deduction we have made; and in places where it is procured at cheap rates it will fall much below our estimate.

We have other statements of profit, which, together with the process of manufacturing, we intend to give hereafter, and in the mean time would ask farmers to throw away one half of the nett profit in our statement, which will bring them to our starting point, $150, and then look about and see if they can devote a portion of their land to a more profitable crop—always excepting the culture of silk.

WHO IS THE FEDERALIST?

General Jackson has promulgated principles, constructions and doctrines far beyond the most ultra and odious doctrines of the old federal school, and Van Buren has promised to tread in his footsteps.

General Harrison has shown himself a sincere, an unwavering lover of liberty, and an ardent and eloquent advocate of true republicanism, as his letter to Bolivar abundantly manifests.

Who of the two is the Federalist and, who the Democrat? Harrison buckled on his sword, mounted his horse, and led his fellow citizens to battle and to victory, in the war of 1812.

Mr. Van Buren exerted the utmost of his skill, cunning and industry, to promote the defeat of Jas. Madison's election to the Presidency. James Madison being the war candidate opposed by the federal party.

Who was the Democrat and who the Federalist then, William Henry Harrison, or Martin Van Buren?

When the gallant hero of Tippecanoe and the Thames, was exposed to all the inclemencies of a most arduous campaign, in a severe winter surrounded by a savage foe, sleeping on the bare earth, with scanty supplies of provisions—cold, worn-out, and half starved—constantly exposed to the ball, the bayonet and the tomahawk, yet cheerfully carrying on the war for his country, where was "the favorite son" of New York? Loungeing luxuriantly at Hull's trial. Picking his teeth with the air of an exquisite, or tapping his polished and fashionable boot with a dandy cane, or regaling his delicate nose with a soft perfumed cambric pocket-handkerchief. It might well have been one of these arduous and perilous occupations for he did little or *nothing* at the trial, in his capacity as counsel, although he had the coolness to charge the government the modest sum of THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, as a fee, and the diffidence to pocket that amount.

Which of these two men proved himself the best friend to his country at this time? The Democrat Harrison or the Federalist Van Buren?

The Vice President of the United States having held many offices, and received large sums from the Public Treasury, is supposed to be worth half a million of dollars. He lives in sumptuous style, rides in a gergeous equipage, and is surrounded with the luxuries and appliances of the opulent and the fashionable.

William Henry Harrison after having long and ably served his country is but a poor County Clerk. Out of countless sums of public money passing through his hands, not a dollar has stuck to his pure palm, although if he had not been of the most unyielding integrity he too might have been rich. Now he subsists in honest mediocrity upon the labor of his own hands.

Who of these two is "the Aristocrat" and who the Democrat without guile? Let the Ballot boxes answer.

From the Haverstraw Times.

WHY IS IT SO?

Every foreigner in this country, who has got charge of a press, is the warm friend of *Martin Van Buren*, and the bitter enemy of General Harrison. Denman, who was an officer in the British army, and fought against America and liberty, at Queenstown, now edits a Van Buren paper in New York, and by the Van Buren corporation of that city was made her printer. John Douglas, a foreigner, not yet naturalized, prints a Van Buren paper at Brooklyn, and by the corporation of that city, is made her printer. Whitney, who is an Englishman, and served in the British army in Montreal during the late war, is now a warm partizan of Van Buren, and by his influence, holds an important office in the American Treasury Department.—Fanny Wright has just arrived from England, and announced her intention of travelling this country, and delivering addresses in favor of Van Buren, until after the election. We could mention several other instances where foreigners have come out for Van Buren, and in opposition to General Harrison. It is not strange that they should oppose *General Harrison*. They know him to be a brave, distinguished, and successful American officer. They know that, like his father before him, he is the friend of freedom, and aquai rights, and the settled enemy of foreign dictation and European tyranny. They know that some of the bravest troops England has ever produced, yielded to the prowess of his arms; and that he has led captive her bravest Officers. They know that in what ever situation he may be placed, whether the private citizen or the President of the people, his firm and unyielding democracy, will compel him to oppose aristocracy in every shape—to reject and discountenance foreign interference in our domestic affairs—and to preserve and perpetuate our democratic institutions in all their purity. It is not strange, then, that those who are hired by the enemies of freedom to overthrow our government, should oppose General Harrison, for in him they perceive the genius of freedom exemplified. But why do they cling to Van Buren? Is it not because they know Van Buren to be his own, and not his country's friend? Is it not because they know, that during the most trying period of the late war, Van Buren was out against it, and President Madison, and corresponding with Rufus King, and the other old federals? Is it not because his attempt to deprive every man from voting, who had not a landed freehold estate—satisfies them that he is not the friend of the people, and that he is anxious the few should rule the many? Is it not because his declaration that "the farther power was removed from the people the better," satisfies them that he is willing the whole government should merge in one man, providing *he* can be the man; and that he would sink the liberties of the American people at once, providing he could advance himself and family, by the overthrow of the government? It is not that his letter to the Pope of Rome, has satisfied them that he will accept of foreign aid of any kind, to carry out his ends, put down the American people, and make himself the dictator? Are not these the several considerations that urge foreigners to forsake their country, come to America, abuse our bravest and best men, and support the preposterous and absurd pretentions of Martin Van Buren? If this is not the case, we ask any candid friend of this country, why is it that these persons denounce our good and brave men, and applaud such as Martin Van Buren, and Amos Kendall?

VISIT TO STARTFORD-ON-AVON,

BY N. P. WILLIS.

One of the first visits in the neighborhood was naturally to Stratford on-Avon. It lay some ten miles south of us, and I drove down, with that distinguished literary friend I have before mentioned, in the carriage of our kind host, securing, by the presence of his servants and equipage, a degree of respect and attention which would not have been accorded to us in our simple character of travellers. The prim mistress of the Red Lion, in her close black bonnet and widow's weeds, received us at the door with a deeper courtesy than usual, and a smile of less wintry formality; and proposing to dine at the inn, and "suck the brain" of the hostess more at our leisure, we started immediately for the house of the wool comber—the birth place of Shakspeare.

Stratford should have been forbidden ground to builders, masons, shopkeepers, and generally to all people of thrift and whitewash. It is now rather a smart town, with gay calicoes, shawls of the last pattern, hardware, and millinery, exhibited in all their splendor down the widened and newer streets; and though here and there remains a glorious old gloomy and inconvenient abode, which looks as if Shakspeare might have taken shelter under its caves, the gayer features of the town have the best of it, and flaunt their gaudy and unrespected newness in the very windows of that immortal birth place. I stepped in to a shop to inquire the way to it.

"*Shiksper's* 'ouse, sir? Yes, sir!" said a dapper clerk, with his hair astonished into the most impossible directions by force of brushing; "keep to the right, sir! Shikseper lived in the white 'ouse, sir—the 'ouse you see beyond, with the windy swung up, sir."

A low old-fashioned house, with a window suspended on a hinge, newly whitewashed and scrubbed, stood a little up the street. A sign over the door informed us in a inflated paragraph, that the immortal Will Shakspeare was born under this roof and that an old woman within would show it to us for a consideration. It had been used until very lately, I had been told, for a butcher's shop.

A "garrulous old lady" met us at the bottom of the narrow stair leading to the second floor, and began—not to say anything of Shakspeare—but to show us the names of Byron, Moore, Rogers, etc., written among thousands of others on the wall!—She had worn out Shakspeare! She had told that story till she was tired of it! or (what perhaps is more probable) most people who go there fall to reading the names of the visiters so industriously, that she has grown to think some of Shakspeare's pilgrims greater than Shakspeare.

"Was this old oaken chest here in the days of Shakspeare, madam," I asked.

"Yes, sir," and here's the name of Byron—here with a capital B. Here's a curiosity sir."

"And this small wooden box?"

"Made of Shakspeare's mulberry, sir. I had sich a time about that box, sir. Two young gemmen were here the other day—just run up while the coach was changing horses to see the house. As soon as they were gone I misses the box. Off scuds my son to the Red Lion, and there they sat on the top looking as innocent as may be.—"Stop the coach," says my son. "What do you want," says the driver. "My mother's mulberry box!—Shakspeare's mulbery box!—One of them 'ere young men's got it in his pocket." And true enough, sir, one on 'em had the impereence to take it out of his pocket and fling it into my son's face; and you know the coach never stops a minit for dothing, sir, or he'd a' smarted for it."

Spirit of Shakspeare! dost thou not walk *alone* in this humble chamber! Must one's inmost soul be fretted and frighted *always* from its devotion by an abominable old woman? Why should not such lucrative occupations be given in charity to the deaf and dumb? The pointing of a finger were enough in such spots of earth!

I sat down in despair to look over the book of visiters, trusting that she would tire of my inattention. As it was of no use to point names to those who would not look, however, she commenced a long story of an American, who had lately taken the whim to sleep in Shakspeare's birth chamber. She had shaken him down a bed on the floor, and he passed the night there.

It seemed to bother her why two thirds of her visiters should be Americans—a circumstance that was abundantly proved by the books.

It was only when I was in the street, that I began to realize that I had seen one of the most glorious altars of memory—that deathless Will Shakspeare, the mortal who was, perhaps, (not to speak profanely) next to his Maker, in divine faculty of creation, first saw the light thro' the low lattice on which we turned back to look.

The single window of the room in which Scott died at Abbottsford, and this in the birth chamber of Shakspeare, have seemed to me almost marked with the touch of the fire of these great souls—for I think we have an instinct which tells us on the spot where mighty spirits have come or gone, that they came and went with the light of heaven.

We walked down the street to see the house where Shakspeare lived on his return to Strafford. It stands at the corner of a lane not far from the church where he was buried, and is a newish, un Shakspearian looking place—no doubt if it be indeed the same house, most profanely and considerably altered. The present proprietor or occupant of the house or site, took upon himself some time since the odium of cutting down the famous mulberry tree planted by the poet's hand in the garden.

I forgot to mention in the beginning of these notes, that two or three miles before coming to Strafford, we passed through Shottery where Anne Hathaway lived. A nephew of the excellent baronet whose guests we were, occupies the house. I looked up and down the green lanes about it, and glanced my eye round upon the hills over which the sun has continued to set and the moon to ride in her love inspiring beauty ever since. There were doubtless outlines in the landscape which had been followed by the eye of Shakspeare, when coming a trembling lover, to Shottery—doubtless, teints in the sky, smoke-wreaths from the old homesteads on the hill-sides, which are little altered now. How daringly the imagination plucks back the past in such places! How boldly we ask of fancy and probability the thousand questions we would put, if we might, to the magic mirror of Agrippa! Did that great mortal love timidly, like ourselves? Was the passionate outpouring of his heart simple, and suited to the humble condition of Anne Hathaway, or was it the first fiery coinage of Romeo and Othello? Did she know the immortal honor and light poured upon woman by the love of genius? Did she know how this common and oftenest terrestrial passion becomes fused in the poet's bosom with celestial fire, and in its wondrous elevation and purity, ascends lambently and musically to the very stars! Did she coy it with him? Was she a woman to him, as commoner mortals find woman—capricious, tender, cruel, intoxicating, cold—every thing by changes impossible to calculate or foresee? Did he walk home to Strafford, sometimes, despairing in perfect sickheartedness of her affection, and was he re-called by a message or a lover's instinct to find her weeping and passionately repentant!

How natural it is by such questions and speculations to betray our innate desire to bring the lofty spirits of our common mould to our own inward level—to seek analogies between *our* affections, passions, appetites, and *theirs*—to wish they might have been no more exalted, no more worthy of the adorable love of woman than ourselves!—The same temper that prompts the depreciation, the envy, the hatred exercised towards him in his lifetime, mingles not inconsiderably in the researches so industriously prosecuted after his death, into his youth and history. To be admired in this world and much more to be beloved for higher qualities than his fellow-men, ensures to genius not only to be persecuted in life, but to be ferretted out with all his frailties and imperfections from the grave.

The church in which Shakspeare is buried stands near the banks of the Avon, and is a most picturesque and proper place of repose for his ashes. An avenue of small trees and vines, ingeniously overlaced extends from the street to the principal door, and the interior is broken up into that confused and accidental medley of tombs, pews cross-lights and pillars, for which the old churches of England are remarkable. The tomb, an effigy of the great poet, lie in an inner chapel, and are as described in every traveller's book. I will not take up room with the repetition.

It gives one an odd feeling to see the tomb of his wife and daughter beside him. One does not realize before, that Shakspeare had wife, children, and kinsmen, like other men—there were those who had a right to lie in the tomb; to whom he owed the charities of life; whom he may have benefited or offended; who may have influenced materially his destiny, or he theirs; who were the inheritors of his household goods, his wardrobe, his books—people who leaned on him—on Shakspeare—as a land holder, a renter of a pew, a townsman, a relative; in short, who had claims upon them, not for the eternal homage due to celestial inspiration, but for the charity of shelter and bread had he been poor, for kindness and ministry had he been sick; for burial and the tears of natural affection when he died. It is painful and embarrassing to the mind to go to Stratford—to reconcile the immortality and the incomprehensible power of genius like Shakspeare's, with the space, tenement and circumstance of a man! The poet should be like the sea bird, seen only on the wing—his birth, his slumber and his death mysterious alike.

I had stipulated with the hostess that my baggage should be put into the chamber occupied by Washington Irving. I was shown into it to dress for dinner—a small neat room, a perfect specimen, in short, of an English bedroom, with snow white curtains, a looking glass the size of the face, a well polished grate and poker, a well fitted carpet and as much light as Heaven permits to the climate.

Our dinner for two persons was served in a neat parlor on the floor—an English inn—simple, neat and comfortable, in the sense of that word unknown in other countries. There was *just* fire enough in the grate, *just* enough for two in the different dishes—a servant who was *just* enough in the room, and *just* civil enough; in short, it was, like every thing else in that *country of adaptation and fitness*, just what was ordered and wanted, and no more.

The evening turned out stormy, and the rain pattered merrily against the windows. The shutters were closed, the fire blazed up with new brightness, the well fitted waxlights were set on the table, and when the dishes were removed, we replaced the wine with a tea tray, and sent for the hostess to give us her company and a little gossip over our cups.

Nothing could be more nicely understood and defined, than the manner of English hostesses generally in such situations, and of Mrs. Gardiner, particularly in this.—Respectful without servility, perfectly sure of the propriety of her own manner and mode of expression yet preserving in every look and word the proper distinction between herself and her guests she ensured from them that kindness and ease of communication which would make a long evening of social conversation pass not only without embarrassment on either side, but with mutual pleasure and gratification.

"I have brought up, mem," she said, producing a well polished poker from under her black apron before she took the chair set for her at the table. "I have brought up a relic for you to see that no money would buy from me."

She turned it over in my hand, and I read on one of the black sides a the bottom. "GEOFFREY CRAYON'S SCEPTRE."

"Do you remember Mr. Irving," asked my friend, "or have you supposed, since reading his sketch of Strafford-on-Avon that the gentleman in number three *might* be the person?"

The hostess drew up her thin figure, and the expression of a person about to compliment herself stole into the corners of her mouth.

"Why you see, mem, I am very much in the habit of observing my guests, and I think I may say I knows a superior gentleman when I sees him. If you remember mem," (and she took down from the mantle piece, a much worn copy of the Sketch-book) Geoffrey Crayon tells the circumstance of my stepping in when it was getting late, and asking if he had rung. I knows it by that mem, and then the gentleman I meant was an American, and I think, mem, besides," and she hesitated a little as if she was about to advance some original and rather venturesome opinion, "I think I can see that gentleman's likeness all through his book."

A truer remark or a more just criticism was perhaps never made on the Sketch Book. We smiled, and Mrs. Gardiner proceeded:

"I was in and out of the coffee room the night he arrived, mem, and I sees directly by his modest ways and his timid look that he was a gentleman, and not fit company for other travellers. They were all young men, sir, and business travellers, and you know, mem, *ignorance takes the advantage of modest merit*, and after their dinner they were very noisy and rude. So I say to Sarah, the chambermaid, say I, that nice gentleman can't get near the fire; and you go and light a fire in number three, and he shall sit alone, and it shan't cost him nothing, for I likes the looks on him. Well, mem, he seemed pleased to be alone, and after tea, he puts his legs over the grate, and there he sits with the poker in his hand till ten o'clock. The other travellers went to bed, and at last the house was as still as midnight, all but a poke in the grate now and then in number three, and every time I heard it I jumped up and lit a candle for I was getting very sleepy, and I hoped he was getting up to ring for a light. Well, mem, I nodded and nodded, and still no ring at the bell. At last I say to Sarah, say I, go into number three and upset something for I am sure that gentleman has fallen asleep. La,' ma'am,' says Sarah, 'I don't dare.' Well, then, say I, I'll go. So I opens the door, and I says, If you please sir, did you ring'—little thinking that question would ever be written down in such a beautiful book, mem. He sat with his feet on the fender poking the fire, and a smile on his face, as if some pleasant thought was in his mind.

'No, Ma'am,' says he. 'I did not. I shuts the door and sits down again, for I hadn't the heart to tell him it was late, for *he was a gentleman, not to speak rudely*, mem. Well, it was past twelve o'clock, when the bell did ring. 'There,' say I to Sarah, 'thank heaven he has done thinking and we can go to bed.' So he walked up stairs with his light, and the next morning he was up early and off to the Shakspeare house, and he brings me home a box of the mulberry tree, and asks me if I thought it was genuine, and said it was for his mother in America. And I loved him still more for that, and I'm sure I prayed she might live to see him return."

"I believe she did, Mrs. Gardiner; but how soon after did you set aside the poker."

"Why, sir, you see there's a Mr Vincent that comes here sometimes, and he says to me one day, 'So Mrs. Gardiner, you are finely immortalized. Read that.' So the minnit I read it I remembered who it was and all about it, and I runs and gets the number three poker, and locks it up safe and sound, and by and by I sends it to Brummagem, and has his name engraved on it, and here you see it sir, and I wouldn't take no money for it."

I had never the honor to meet or know Mr Irving, and I evidently lost ground with the hostess of the Red Horse for that misfortune. I delighted, however, with the account which I had seen in a late newspaper, of his having shot a buffalo in the prairies of the West, and she soon courtsied herself out and left me to the delightful society of the distinguished lady who had accompanied me. Among all my many loiterings in many lands, I remember none more intellectually pure and gratifying than this at Stratford-on-Avon. My sleep in the little bed consecrated by the slumbers of the immortal Geoffrey, was sweet and light, and I write myself his debtor for a large share of the pleasure which genius like his lavishes upon the world.

THE MAN WOMAN AGAIN.—This individual, whose curious history is detailed by her, was given in Saturday's paper, was brought up this day, it having been discovered that her statement from beginning to end, was a complete tissue of falsehoods, and her second examination, which concluded with a still more singular result, was as follows:—In answer to the questions put her, she stated that she was a native of Atherton street, Liverpool, and not of Ireland as she had previously asserted; that her father died there when she was very young, and her mother marrying again, she was taken to a small town in Ayrshire, Scotland; at twelve years of age she run away from her friends, put on a man's attire, assumed her father in law's name, George Moore Wilson and proceeded to Glasgow; she worked some years there in a cotton factory and paid her addresses to a young woman of the name of Elizabeth Cummings, to whom she was married on the second of April 1821, at the Barony Church; three days after, she, along with her spouse, sailed for America, landed at Quebec, and eventually settled at a place called New Limerick, in upper Canada; after staying there six years, she removed to Patterson, New Jersey, where she worked in the mill belonging to the firm of Clark & Robinson, subsequently she stated she had lived in New York, and was working latterly for Mr. Baron, fur cap manufacturer, in Water street, near Burling Slip.—She was remanded for further examination. Her wife, who was sent for by Mr. Lounds, the Magistrate, treated the affair with the greatest nonchalance. The marriage certificate is in the hands of the court.—*N. York paper.*

Execution of Ahlbeau.—By the Paris papers of Saturday and Sunday, we learn that the trial of Ahlbeau took place on Friday and Saturday. Nothing transpired on the investigation to implicate any other persons in his detestable scheme; nor was any thing made known by the trial with which the public is not already acquainted. He calmly throughout admitted that it was his design to kill the king, and he ascribed his determination to the manner in which the government had, in his opinion, trodden down the liberties of France and suppressed the insurrections.

A great number of witnesses were examined, who in general spoke well of Ahlbeau in other transactions, giving him a character for generous and honorable feeling, which did not however, seem incompatible with sometimes living on others.—He evidently wished to play the hero, he claimed a right to kill the king because Brutus slew Caeser. There does not seem to have been one extenuating circumstance brought to light by the trial, and the Court sentenced him to be beheaded, and treated as a parricide.